THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LVIII.

And yet, ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely. COWPER.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I spent an evening lately in a company, where a marriage, which is expected to take place very soon, became the subject of conversation. It was discussed with so much interest, that it remained on my mind, after I went home, until I fell asleep; when it occasioned the following dream, which is at your service, if you think it be worth telling to the world.

I thought I stood on an eminence, which commanded a view of an immensely large plain, surrounded by a wall of uncommon height and durability, and laid out in walks in the manner of a garden, though but little cultivated, excepting one broad avenue, which glowed with the brightest verdure, and whose margin delighted the senses with every luxury of fruits and flowers.

The entrance to the garden was by a gate, corresponding in size to the wall, but highly ornamented with festoons of the most beautiful blossoms of all the seasons, of Spring, of Summer, and of Autumn. The Entablature was enriched with golden emblems of Peace, Prosperity, and Honour; and in the midst was written, in large gilt capitals, THE GARDEN OF WEDLOCK.

As I gazed in admiration of the fascinating appearance of the Gate, I saw a prodigious crowd of persons, of both sexes, and of all ages, impatiently pressing towards it—they came along dancing and singing, and putting on the most amiable expressions of countenance, as if to charm each other. As they approached, each man took a female by the hand, for although the entrance to the garden was very wide, yet they must necessarily enter it in pairs. Sometimes the selection was made with the utmost delicacy of caution; at others it seemed as much the effect of accident as of choice. They then applied to the guardian Deity for a passport, which was granted, but with this injunction: that they considered seriously what they asked; for, having once entered the garden, it would be impossible for them to return during life. They went on, however, not the least discouraged. The younger part of the company, delighted to decorate themselves with garlands of flowers from the gate, which, however, suffered nothing from the robbery, but appeared with renewed beauty and fragrance to those who succeeded; while the more advanced in age, beheld with longing eyes the gilded ornaments, and sighed that they were out of their reach; they flattered themselves that they would be bestowed on them, when they should have entered the garden.

I now became desirous to know the reason why so many people had voluntarily immured themselves in a place, where they were doomed to remain during life, when turning, I saw, on my right hand, a female of a sedate countenance—"Come a little this way, (said she), and you will perceive the object at which they aim. My name is OBSERVATION; remain with me, and you will also learn whether they attain it."

"At the termination of that spacious avenue, which leads directly from the gate, you see an elegant building, in the American style, neat and simple, it is the Temple of Domestic Happiness—Thither they mean to go, but it often happens, from various causes, sometimes even unobserved by themselves, that they stray from that beautiful walk, into a thousand crooked paths, from which they no longer see the Temple, and it is fortunate if, at last, they can reach either of its wings. The right is the habitation of Content, the left is that of Indifference. These are so contrived, that although they do not disfigure the mansion by their disproportionate size, yet they are capable of and do actually contain, many more inhabitants than are admitted to the main building."

My guide now directed my attention to a group, who had just entered the garden. They had taken but a few steps in the *direct road* when they struck into the *crooked* paths, unheeding where they might stray, tripping merrily through the weeds and brambles; smiling and bowing, with extreme civility, to all their neighbours, but thoughtless and neglectful of the companion whom they had so lately chosen. "Many of these, (said she), are not vicious, but they are unfortunately matched with those who differ from them in their *habits*, their *tastes*, and their *tempers*. They will take no pains to *accommodate* themselves to each other; consequently, they cannot expect to be happy. Attend to them, and you will see the characters I describe.

"That gentleman, in the thread-bare coat, is one of your penny-wise people. His wife abhors nothing more than meanness. He would forgive a thousand faults in a saving wife. She has tired of his lectures on economy, and is going to find better entertainment.

"That tidy little woman, care-worn and thoughtful, has chosen the walk in which you see her, because it is *excessively nice*. She has no idea which she can separate from a bucket and a broom; her husband is careless, kind, and social; he has left her, and is gone to seek for....*society*.

"There you see a couple of another description, but equally discordant. They are both profuse in their dispositions, and have some money to spare, but they are never of one mind in spending it. He loves fine horses, good eating, and the best Madeira. She dotes on superb furniture and splendid dress. They will get rid of their wealth between them, but will never know the pleasure of agreeing in any one purchase!

"That pleasant looking lady is a votary of the Muses. She carries a bundle of manuscripts, and is reading in the Port Folio. Her partner is making memorandums for his next dinner, and is very angry that she attends to any thing else. He calls himself Timothy Plainsense,* he does not know that women have genius enough to read, work, and scribble all at once. He has been warned to let his wife take her own way sometimes if he wish to reach the Temple.

"Look now at that couple in that narrow path on your left. Do you mark his stern commanding aspect, while he speaks to her? He thinks *submission* comprises the whole of a woman's duty! Her eyes are fixed on the ground, to conceal from the world her tears; she despairs of reaching the Temple....but her religion will direct her to the habitation of Content.

"But come....it is time to turn your eyes from such mortifying scenes, and survey the brighter side of the picture. The *Garden of Wedlock* has many a narrow and perplexing path, into which you must inevitably fall, if your passions are suffered to lead your reason in chains, if, without tenderness, without consideration for your partner, your own will is to be always a law, your own pleasure the rule of your conduct. But there are some who have not only selected the most *suitable* companions, but have conducted themselves with *delicacy* and *prudence* ever since their first entrance into the garden. These have not deviated from the straight walk, but have cheered it with *politeness* and *good humour*. If, in gathering the roses that abound on its margin, they have been sometimes scratched by the thorns, *patience* and *sympathy* have supplied a balm for the wound. They ascend the steps of the Temple of Domestic Happiness, and are welcomed by Love and Virtue, who guard the door on either side, and patronise the union of congenial minds."—I will go and join them (interrupted I), I see no difficulty in the attainment of happiness on such reasonable terms—but in my haste to descend the hill, I struck my foot against a stone, and instantly awoke; but with an impression so vivid that I could not persuade myself, for a considerable time, that it was only a dream!

H.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, BY A SOCIETY OF LATIN WRITERS.

Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Cornelius Nepos, Quintus Curtius, Aurelius Victor, Aulus Gellius, &c.

Some make their way to power by a feigned probity, and do many things which good men are wont to do, and the more readily, because they mean only to deceive. Would to God it was as easy to be really virtuous, as it is to assume the mask of virtue But those, when they have attained the ends they purposed, and have mounted to the highest stations of power, throw away

* See Port Folio, Vol. III. No. 10.

the mask, and expose their true characters to view. They plunder—they violate—and they persecute. They pursue, with rancorous malignity, those very virtuous men, whose cause they had pretended to espouse. They break down the steps of that ladder by which they ascended, least other persons after them should make use of it, as they had done. Lactant. Institut. Div. Lib. 6. cap. 6.

Nor were there wanting witnesses who accused men who pretended to great purity, of having received houses and estates in the country, as shares in the division of booty. Tac. Annal. Lib 13. Art. 18.

What kind of government—what species of commissions over provinces—what specious pretences for seizing and accumulating money, were not invented? What region or territory on the globe, was there to be found, without some species of tyranny erected in it? Cic. pro Sect. cap. 30. Art. 66.

Persecution was let loose, not only against authors, but against their books; for a commission was given to three persons, to burn the monument of the most illustrious genius in the public square where the people held their assemblies. It was their deliberate intention, to silence in those flames, the voice of the people, the liberty of the senate, and the consciences of mankind. They expelled moreover all who made profession, or had any petensions to wisdom. Every virtue and good quality, every elegant accomplishment, was driven into exile, that nothing honest or decent should remain to be seen. We have in truth exhibited a splendid and memorable example of patience; and as the last age beheld the extreme of liberty, we are arrived at the extreme of servitude—all intercourse of speaking and hearing being taken away by spies and inquisitors. We should have lost our memories too, with the use of speech, if it had been as much in our power to forget, as to be silent. Tacit. Argricol. Art, 2.

The condemned volumes were preserved in secret, and afterwards republished. This fact exposes to ridicule the stupidity of those who believe, that by their present authority, they shall be able to extinguish the memory of the future age. On the contrary, the punishment of genius increases its authority. Nor have foreign princes, or any other rulers, who have practised such persecutions, ever found any other benefit but disgrace to themselves, and increased reputation to the men of letters. Tacit. Annal. Lib. 4. Art. 35.

We have permitted for a great number of years, and we have kept silence, while we beheld the riches of all nations conveyed into the hands of a few persons. And to shew our dullness and weakness in the plainest light, none of these men have been hypocrites; not one has ever taken the pains to throw a cloak over his avarice. Cic. in Verr. Action: 2. Lib. 5. Cap. 48. Art. 126.

All, at this day, have fallen under the power of a few men, who, under the pretence of war, have taken possession of the treasury, the army, the conquered kingdoms and provinces, and have made a fortification around themselves of your spoils. You, in the mean time, ye multitude, like an herd of cattle, compose yourselves, stripped of every thing left by your ancestors, to become the property and revenue of a few masters.—Sallust in fragment, Lib. 3.

In vain will you strive to avoid their proud ambition, by moderation and obedience: Plunderers of the whole globe, when all things by land are exhausted by their devastations, they fly to the seas for fresh booty If an enemy is rich, they shew their avarice; if poor, they display their ambition. Neither the east nor the west can satisfy them. Their grasping and singular cupidity, monopolizes riches and poverty with equal eagerness. To spoil, to murder, and to ravish, they call government; and where they make a solitude, they call it peace.

Nature has ordained, that our children and our relations should be most dear to us. These are enrolled and hurried away far from us, to drag out a miserable servitude. Our wives, our sisters, if they escape the brutality of our enemies, are disgraced by those who call themselves our friends and guests. They take away our goods and fortunes for tribute, and our grain for their provisions. Tacit. Agricol. Art. 80, 31.

Nor were the young men only conscripts, but the old men also were compelled to give their names for the guard of the city. In proportion as the number of soldiers was multiplied, the demands of tribute in money for their maintenance were augmented. These exactions were collected by war taxes, against the wills of those who remained at home; because they were compelled at once, to sacrifice all to the civil and military service of the republic. Tit. Liv. Lib. 5. Art. 10.

Italy was laid waste by the exactions of money; the provinces were ruined, as well as the nations in alliance, and those which were called free cities. Even the gods made a part of the booty, by the spoils of their temples in the city. The gold, which in all ages had been consecrated by the Roman people in their triumphs, and in their solemn vows in gratitude for their prosperity, or in token of their fears, was carried off as plunder. Tacit. Annal. Lib. 15. Art. 45.

We had learned by our victories abroad, to ruin all foreign nations; and by our civil wars, to consume ourselves. Tacit. Annal. Lib. 3. Art. 54.

It is impossible to express the odium into which we have fallen among foreign nations, from the vexatious and libidinous conduct of those whom we have sent to them as governors. What temple has been held sacred in those countries by our magistrates? What city has been inviolable—what habitation has been safe? Great inquiry is made after opulent and plentiful cities, and pretexts for war against them are invented, from mere motives of rapacity. Cic. pro. Leg. Manil. cap 22. Art. 65.

Our provinces are all in mourning; all free nations complain. All foreign kingdoms, in fine, demand vengeance for our outrages and vexations. There is no place, from Italy to the ocean, at so remote a distance, or in so retired a situation, as not to have been invaded by the lust and iniquity of the men we have sent among them. The Roman people can no longer sustain, I will not say the power, the arms and the hostilities, but the griefs, the tears and reproaches of all nations. Cic. in Verr. Action: 2. Lib. 3. cap. 89. Art. 207.

The constitution of this city was once so vigorous and firm, as to be able to subsist under the negligence of the senate, and even the injustice and ingratitude of the citizens. Now it cannot—we have no public treasure or revenue. The public taxes are not possessed by those who have formed them—the influence of the principal citizens is lost—the harmony between the different orders of the state is destroyed—the judiciary is annihilated—the suffrages are exclusively in the hands of a few men—the minds of good men are no longer attentive and submissive to the views of the senate. In vain will you search for a citizen who will expose himself to envy and resentment, for the safety of his country. Cic. de Aurespic. respons. cap. 28. Art. 60.

18 Brumaire.

At length we are allowed to breathe. Tacit. Agricola. Art. 3. One man has saved the public; for when the tyrants had held the citizens in opposition, and divided among themselves the property of those whom the fortune of war had spared; had driven some into exile, and put others to death; this man was not only the first, but the only one, to make war upon them.—Cornelius Nepos in Thrysybal. cap. 1.

He displayed his prudence no less than his courage. He forbid all violence to those who yielded. Clemency towards citizens he regarded as equity. Idem, cap. 2.

He was fortunate as well as prudent, especially in battle; to such a degree that he always conquered, and he enlarged the limits of the empire. Aurelius victor de Cæsaribus in Septim. Sever.

Bonaparte takes the title of Consul. When he had attached to himself the soldiers by his liberality, the people by abundance of provisions, and all men by the delights of repose, he rises by degrees, and draws to himself the authority of the senate, the magistrates, and the laws, without opposition from any. Indeed, the heads of the most ferocious had fallen by the sword of the enemy, or by the axe of proscription. The rest of the nobility were loaded with riches and honors, in proportion to their promptitude in submission; and the upstarts of the new order of things, preferred the safety of the present, to the dangers of the past times. Nor did the provinces hesitate to comply, suspecting the power both of the senate and the people, from the continual contentions of the men of influence, the avarice of the magistrates; the protection of the laws, by power, intrigue and bribery, being rendered wholly incompetent. Tacit. Annal. Lib. 1. Art. 2.

If a true and proper name should be sought for this evil, it would seem that some fatal calamity had fallen upon the inexperienced and improvident minds of men, and totally blinded them. Cic. pro Ligar. cap. 6. Art. 17.

All the wounds occasioned by the war, are now to be healed by you. You are the only man who can provide and administer a remedy.—Cicer. pro Marcello. cap. 8. Art. 24.

There is nothing in your fortune more sublime; nothing in your nature more noble; than to have the power and the disposition to preserve so great a number of citizens. Cicer. pro Ligario. cap. 12. Art. 38.

This part remains for you to act, and in this you ought to exert all your talents to restore the commonwealth to its vigour; and after it shall have been re-established, you enjoy the effect of it in the greatest tranquillity. Then indeed, if you will, when you have discharged the debt you owe to your country, and completed the intentions of nature, till you are satisfied with living, you may say you have lived enough. What indeed is this long period of a life which must come to an end? When the conclusion of it arrives, all past pleasure is counted for nothing, because there are none to be enjoyed in future. Yet, that soul of yours, was never contented with the narrow limits prescribed to us by nature, for living; but has always been inflamed with the desire of immortality. Nor is your life to be computed by this puff of breath which unites the mind and the body. Your life, that life which is truly yours, will flourish in the memory of all ages; will be cherished by posterity; and preserved to all eternity. To posterity you ought to consecrate it; to posterity you ought to present yourself with glory. You have long since done enough to give you a title to admiration. It is expected of you that you furnish cause for gratitude and praise. Empires, provinces, the Rhine, the ocean, the Nile, innumerable battles, incredible victories, multiplied monuments, will astonish posterity when they hear or read of your triumphs. But, unless this city and its liberties shall be re-established by your councils and in-

stitutions, your name will only wander far and wide; it will never acquire a settled seat and a certain habitation. There will be among those hereafter to be born, as there ever has been, a great diversity of sentiments; while some will extol with their praises your exploits to the skies, others will think perhaps that something is wanting, and this, especially that bounds, ought to have been put to the flames of civil war, by the salvation of the state; that they may have cause to believe that the former was inflicted on them by fate, and that they owe the blessing of the latter to your councils. Look forward therefore to those judges, who, after many ages, shall pass sentence on you: These, for what I know, may be more impartial and less corrupted than we are; for they will judge without favour or affection; without hatred and without envy. If their decrees should then be indifferent to you, as certain philosophers falsely believe, it is certainly not now indifferent to you that your conduct be such, that no stain or reproach shall be thrown upon your memory. Cicer. pro Marcello. cap. 9.

CONCLUSION.

It is devoutly to be wished that all those who in future may preside over the republic, would observe two precepts of Plato: one is, that they should be so attached to the prosperity of the citizens, that every thing they do should be adapted to that end, forgetting their own interest; the other, that their providence should extend over the whole body of the republic, least while they cherish one party they neglect the rest. The administration of a republic, like the guardian of an orphan, ought to study the interest of their constituents, not that of those to whom the trust is committed. Those who consult the good of a party of the citizens, and neglect another part, introduce into society two pernicious things, sedition and discord; from this cause it always happens, that some are considered as the friends of the people, and others as wholly devoted to the rich and powerful, and few as the friends of all the citizens alike. From this source arose mighty dissensions among the Athenians; and in our republic, not only seditions but destructive civil wars; evils, which a virtuous and courageous citizen, worthy to preside in the republic, would avoid and detest. Such a man will devote himself entirely to the republic, nor will he covet power or riches, and he will protect all parts of the body politic, and consult the interests of all the citizens. He will not excite envy or hatred against any man, by false accusations. He will adhere so closely to justice and equity, that, provided he can preserve these virtues, although he may give offence and create enemies by them, he will set death itself at defiance, rather than abandon his principles. Cicero de off. Lib. 1. cap. 25. Art. 85, 86.

Men submit to the power and authority of others from various motives. They are led either by benevolence, or by the grandeur of their benefits, or by their merit, or by hopes that their obedience will be useful to them; or by fear least they should be compelled by force, or by the seduction of promises or largesses: or lastly, as it often happens in our commonwealth, because they set themselves for sale to him who will bribe highest.

Of all the measures which are ever employed, to obtain, to establish, or to conserve authority, the most laudable is to make yourself beloved; the most odious is to make yourself feared. It is a fine saying of Ennius—whom they fear, they will hate—whom they hate they wish to destroy. Cic. de off. Lib. 2. cap. 6, 7. Art. 22, 23.

That which so plainly appears to be the most certain means of securing our safety, and preserving our power and privileges—that let us embrace. Let the fears of the people be discarded, and their affections preserved. In this way, we shall most easily obtain our own personal happiness, and the prosperity of the state. Id. Art. 24.

We have set before the world an horrible example; but it will be a salutary warning to mankind, for many future ages. Cicero Tusculan. Quæst. Lib. 8. No. 7.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

(CONCLUDED.)

ACT 5....SCENE 2.

In this scene the plot draws to a conclusion. Oliver is discovered to be in love with Celia, after a very short acquaintance. This is objected to by one of the commentators as rather unnatural. We think the objection has no force. Shakspeare seems to have been aware of it, and to obviate it, has, with consummate skill, in the preceeding scene, represented Oliver in the most favourable light. His penitence for the persecution of Orlando, and his frankness in acknowledging his crime, are well calculated to excite the esteem and admiration of Celia. To view the objection in its strongest point, it only amounts to a question whether love ever arise at first sight. We believe it to be frequently the case. At any rate, Shakspeare is not singular in having written so. Our novelists, and romance writers, and dramatists; nay our historians furnish frequent instances of this sudden attachment. Shakspeare, indeed, in another passage goes a little farther,

"Who *ever* lov'd, that lov'd *not* at first sight?"

That it *has* occurred, however, cannot be denied, and the immediate *marriage* of Oliver and Celia may be defended, if we consider that the play is nearly at its conclusion, and the poet wished to provide for them. If we censure dramatists for a marriage so sudden as this, we shall prove nothing by proving too much, for, in general, plays take up no more than a day or two in the supposed time. In these plays marriages are frequent, where the parties are said never to have seen each other previously, and *in real life*, wedlock, after a courtship so short, is very rare.

The following lines are written in the genuine spirit of poetry, and contain a brief, but comprehensive summary of the qualities of love,

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sylvius. It is to be made all of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all **obsevance.*

Rosalind refers to a circumstance, which poets frequently mention, and is believed to be real, but we know not upon what authority—

Ros. Pray you, no more of this—'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

Act 5....Scene 3.

This scene is short, and is intended merely to fill up the interval between the last and the succeeding scenes. It has nothing to do with the plot, but it contains a song, written in the spirit of simplicity, and graced with the beauties of poetry. Audrey is consistent in this scene, though her speech to Touchstone might offend the ear of the prude.

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of *the world.*

On this speech one of the commentators has this note—("a woman of the world,") To go to *the world*, is to be married—So, in Much ado about Nothing, "thus, (says Beatrice) every one goes *to the world* but I."

An anonymous writer supposes, that, in this phrase, there is an allusion to St. Luke's Gospel, c. 20. v. 34. "the children of *this world* marry, and are given in marriage."

The following is a delicate sarcasm on singers, when asked for a song,

Touchstone. Come, sit, sit, and a song.
1st. Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

A good singer, when asked for a song, as naturally says that he has *a cold*, as a woman answers in the negative, when her lover *first* offers his hand.*

Act 5.....Scene 4.

We have now reached the concluding scene. It is managed with considerable skill and judgment. Nothing remains to be desired but the future happiness of Jaques. While the banished Duke and his companions return to the pleasures of society, he retires to the "abandoned cave" to indulge, in solitude, his gloomy reflections, and to mourn in secret over the melancholy consequences that, in old age, usually accompany the mind of sensibility, which, in early life, had submitted without restraint and without foresight to the guidance of ardent and irregular passions. The events of this scene do not surprise us. They seem to flow naturally from the preceeding occurrences. We shall transcribe some of the wit and humour that abound in the passages under consideration.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.
Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all.
Jaques. Good, my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

The reply of Touchstone is a fine satire on courtiers.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a †measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors.

Duelling has never been so happily satirized as in the ensuing dialogue. It proves Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature.

Touch. I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.
Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?
Touch. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause
Jaq. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?
Touch. Upon a lie, seven times removed——Bear your body more seeming. Audrey——as thus, sir; I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard—he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was—This is called the *retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself—This is called the *quip modest;* if again, it was not well cut, he would disable my judgment—this is called the *reproof churlish;* if again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true—this is called the *reproof valiant;* if again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie—this is called the *counter-check quarrelsome;* and so the *lie circumstantial*, and the *lie direct.*
Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

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* The latter *obsevance* should be written *obedience*, or *obeisance.*

* We have heard this instance of female timidity denied to be general, by a lady whose mind is observing, but whose candor, as the world goes, is of more service to her acquaintance than to herself.

† A measure is, a very stately, solemn dance.

Touch. I durst go no further than the *lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *lie direct*; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. Oh, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees—The first, the *retort courteous*; the second, the *quip modest*; the third, the *reply churlish*; the fourth, the *reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *countercheck quarrelsome*; the sixth, the *lie with circumstance*; the seventh, the *lie direct*. All these you may avoid, but the *lie direct*; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*; I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*—as, *if you said so, then I said so*, and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace maker. Much virtue in *If*.

The observation of Jaques to Touchstone is highly humourous, and may not incorrectly be applied to many marriages.

Jaq. And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled.

Marriage is, indeed, a voyage, and requires the exertions of more than one of the crew to produce pleasant hours, and a prosperous conclusion.

Jaques takes his leave with an expression which marks his character; for Shakspeare is always consistent in his delineations of the dramatis personæ,

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet.

Jaq. So to your pleasures,
I am for other than for dancing measures—
To see no pastime I—What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

MISCELLANY.

J. LUZAC's ORATION,

ON THE CIVIC CHARACTER of SOCRATES.

(Continued.)

It may justly be enquired, what then was the reason, which prevented Socrates from serving his country in that station, where an upright, honorable and judicious man, would possess the most extensive means of service. He urged Charmides and others to solicit public office; and severely censured Aristippus for indulging so far in ease and pleasure, as to incapacitate himself for public affairs. That he well knew the duties of a General, and the functions of a Magistrate, is fully proved by his conversation with the younger Pericles on the means of restoring to the Athenians their former energy, recorded by Xenophon; one of the best treatises on those subjects now extant. What then could deter the philosopher from the career of public life? I will tell you the cause, my hearers, in the words of Socrates himself, preserved by Plato; and I quote the more largely, because this peculiarity in the life of Socrates, will constitute the principal topic of my discourse.

"It may appear absurd to you fellow-citizens," (this is part of his speech before the Heliastic tribunal, as delivered down to us by Plato,) "it may appear absurd to you, that I, who with infinite pains and labour go round from house to house, and consult with multitudes of men, should still decline making my appearance in public, and never address the people in their assemblies, on public concerns. You have often heard me affirm, that I am wont to hear a divine voice dissuading me from every pernicious purpose. This heavenly monitor it is, who has constantly restrained me from engaging in public business. His warnings have been wise and just.—For, well do you know, Athenians, that had I at an early period taken a part in these concerns, I should long since have perished without benefit to you or to myself. Nay, let not the truth offend you; no mortal can flatter himself with the hope of long life, if he will undertake nobly to withstand you, or indeed any other multitude, and attempt to resist the frequent and continual violation of justice and the laws, under your government. Whoever would contend for justice and equity, if he value his life a straw, must remain a private man, and keep aloof from the administration of affairs. I will give you decisive proof of this; not by words, but by *facts*, of which yourselves shall judge."

After relating these facts, which I shall soon notice, Socrates thus proceeds—"Of all this, many among you will bear me witness.—And do you think I should have reached my present age of seventy, if I had undertaken to manage the State, and had pursued a system of administration worthy of a good man, inflexibly supporting justice and equity, and sacrificing as he ought, every other advantage to them. Far, far from it Athenians! Neither I, nor any other man, acting upon such principles, and intermeddling with affairs of State, could possibly have escaped so long alive."

Such, my hearers, was the motive, which withheld the wisest of men from public life. Under the form of government then prevailing at Athens, whoever disdained compliance with the corruption of the times, was compelled to live in retirement, and to renounce the honors and dignity of power. Speaking elsewhere upon the subject of government, Socrates affirms, that philosophers in general, wisely shrink from the tempestuous billows of the political ocean. "Indeed, (says he) whosoever has in any degree tasted the sweets of that real happiness which attends a life devoted to the pursuit of wisdom; has observed the frenzies of the multitude; has found by experience that nothing rational can be effected in the public administration; that he can hope for no associate to protect him in supporting the cause of justice; that he must be like a man fallen among wild beasts; that with the firm resolve not to be the accomplice of their injustice, he has not strength to contend at once against them all; that he must perish in any attempt to serve his friends or his country, or throw away his life without benefit to himself or to others;—whosoever duly weighs all this, will prefer a life of leisure; will seek in the bosom of domestic retirement, a shelter, as from the clouds of dust and filth, driven to and fro in the eddies of a whirlwind; and while he contemplates the rest of mankind, filling, in the midst of this vortex, the measure of their crimes, will spend in contentment a life unstained with wrong, and conscious of innocence, finally resign it with calm serenity, in the joyous hope of exchanging it for a better."

It may, perhaps, be objected, that these are the words not of Socrates, but of Plato. Be it so, for Plato too lamenting the factions which were tearing the Attic Republic to pieces, and thinking (to adopt once more the words of his ardent admirer Cicero) "that in all civil dissensions, the citizen ought to keep within such bounds as to maintain and discover an inflexible determination, never to commit violence upon his parent or his country. Plato too, thinking thus, renounced all pursuit of public office, for the same reason. The Athenian people, then in their dotage, had taken offence against him, and he saw it would be impossible to govern them either by persuasion or by force; of the former he despaired—and the latter he deemed unlawful." But it has been satisfactorily proved, that Plato never ascribed to his instructor any thing inconsistent with his character and opinions; and a single glance at the state of the Attic Republic, particularly towards the close of the life of Socrates, will remove all remaining doubt in this case. Let us briefly attempt its description, and endeavour to delineate the miseries under which she laboured at this period; that is, in the heat of the Pelopnesian war.—It will serve to illustrate what we have afterwards to say.

When Solon undertook to frame a Constitution for the Attic Republic, and to provide a remedy for their endless dissensions, he so prudently tempered their popular form of government, that after destroying the principal source of their misfortunes, the predominating power of the aristocracy, he still left a check sufficient to restrain the populace. The provisons for adjusting this balance were various; but three of them are principally deserving of attention. *First*, the council of Areopagus, whose authority he confirmed and augmented, were declared the censors of the people; the guardians and protectors of the laws, and of the antient discipline. This *censorial* jurisdiction of the Areopagus, served as a curb to the turbulence of democracy; and was the more effectual by the limitation, that no person should be eligible among these guardian censors, without first having filled the office of Archon. The citizens were divided into four classes, and the *second* of Solon's expedients for maintaining the balance was, to exclude from the highest honours of the state, the last class, who were rated only by capitation, and he made them ineligible to the dignity of Archon. His *third* regulation was, that this high officer, who had at that time the principal management of public affairs, and whose life and moral character had necesssarily passed through the double probation of a seat in the senate of five hundred, and on the Heliastic bench, should obtain his place, not like the Heliastic judges, and the other magistrates, by drawing lots, but by the suffrages of the people.

The violence of contending factions, and the restless, ever-encroaching temper of the people, would not suffer these admirable institutions of Solon, for guarding a popular Constitution against the miseries of immoderate and boundless licentiousness, to be permanent. In the madness of their exultation, upon their triumphs over the Persians, they extorted from Aristides (an excellent citizen, but too dependent for support against his rival Themistocles, upon the favour of the populace) a law, by which the highest honours of the state were made accessible to the meanest of the rabble; and another, that the Archons should no longer be designated by election of the people, but by drawing lots. Afterwards, when Pericles found that these chances never happened to favour *him*, but seemed, by a sort of fatality, to exclude him from a seat in the Areopagus; impatient under the restraint of these austere moral censors; grasping at unlimited dominion, and dreading their interference to check his pursuit, he made use of Ephialtes, a man of good intentions, of weak judgment, and blind with the zeal of popular liberty, to cut down the salutary shelter of that severe and inflexibly just council; and destroyed their authority as guardians of the republic, by reducing the power of the Areopagus to the mere functions of judges.

The licentiousness of the lowest populace, thus enormously accumulated and gradually let loose, produced, to use the words of *Isocrates*, "instead of the antient democracy, happily combined with the influence of the first classes, a headstrong, headlong Democracy, whose only freedom was perverseness, and whose only pleasure was insolence."

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

In lounging away some of my hours at Peale's museum, I have frequently bestowed a particular attention on the portraits of those worthies, who are justly considered as giving a dignity to our country. My pleasure, however, has been considerably alloyed, by finding some admitted to this honorable society, who are far from adding to its reputation. Perhaps Mr. Peale may sup-

pose, that virtues, like the productions of his pencil, show best by opposition, and has intended to relieve his lights by those dark shadows; but, if so, he had better, at once, make a collection of all the most remarkable infidels and cut-throats, and give them a place among the men whom we are proud to point to, as the ornaments of America.

Yesterday, being pretty well satiated with ornithology, I threw myself on a chair, which happened to be immediately before the mild and philosophic Rittenhouse, directly *over* whom was placed Thomas Paine! There could not have been a greater contrast. The countenance of the one was softened by philanthropy; that of the other manifested all the depravity of heart, for which he is celebrated. The painter appears to have intended it for the head of Belial, scheming to sap the foundations of government and morality, while a smile of malignant cunning displayed his hopes of success. As I gazed on this scene with sentiments of indignation, I fancied that I heard the following short dialogue between the two portraits.

P.

Mark, David, him before us plac'd;
What gives his eyes that angry gleam?

R.

Religion, science, thus debas'd,
And infidelity supreme.

A.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The capital of France, under the dominion of Bonaparte, presents a novel and a magnificent spectacle. Every traveller is dazzled with the splendid *shew* of a *republic*, and the giddy brain and the panting heart acknowledge the dangerous fascination of a voluptuous city. The following letter, which will be followed up by a continuation, is the production of a juvenile Philadelphian, and we trust will be perused with pleasure by all who are curious to gaze at the modest simplicity of a Commonwealth.]

Letter from a young American in Paris, to his friend in Philadelphia.

I was yesterday entirely through the Chief Consul's palace at St. Cloud; he himself is now on the coast, visiting Havre, Rouen, &c. and during his absence, a six livre piece and some little interest, introduce the world into his house.

Every lady has read the Arabian Nights; and in ——— street we have all read Signior Gaudentio de Lucca; but the wonders of these fairy tales are immeasurably inferior to the gorgeous realities of the Consul's residence. Such ornament, furniture, decoration, taste, proportion, or richness, I never had a conception of. The two most striking beauties are an urn of seve and bronse in the audience chamber, and madam Bonaparte's bed; the urn is about four feet high, and proportionally diametered, of the most superb seve, with a case, and garniture of bronse; a plate of seve costs two, three, four, or six guineas, so what must be the value of this urn? Madam Bonaparte's room, which is not large, is hung with sky-blue silk; the mirrors, tables, bason, and every other appurtenance, of the most exquisite workmanship; the bedstead is of mahogany, abundantly embellished and inlaid with gilt; the hangings, covering and curtains of the finest muslin, and embroidered satin and silk; the little foot carpet is of satin velvet; what is very remarkable, the bed is but five feet wide, and it is said they always sleep together; on the inner side there is a large mirror, which reflects, at all times, the bed and its tenants. Glasses for this purpose are now almost universal in Paris; if any thing can be sumptuous, this bed and chamber are truly so. There are in the palace four tables of petrified wood, which alone cost fifteen hundred thousand livres, and a secretary which cost one hundred and sixty thousand. Several of the apartments are hung with entirely new Gobelins tapestry, so well executed as to equal good paintings, and in one there is a tapestry carpet. Madam's bathing-room attracted my admiration very much; it is small, not more than ten feet square, and walled completely with mirrors—even here a little colonnade is introduced, which produces a most fairy-like effect; every thing in the room is multiplied by the glasses numberless times: There are only three new pictures, one of Bonaparte crossing the Alps, and then of Madame sitting; and a third of the death of Desaix; he is just about to fall from his charger; young Le Brun, a son of the third Consul, (a dragoon officer) is receiving him in his arms; the engagement in the back ground: all these pictures are as large as life, likeness, &c. from the hands of the first artists.

Every room has its different hangings, furniture and ornaments, and all in a style of equal taste and magnificence. I have been through the palace and over the grounds at Versailles; the buildings are half a dozen times larger than those of St. Cloud, and the apartments wonderfully grand, but neither so new, tasty or elegant as those of the present residence. Versailles, originally, I think, must have been heavy, and looks now dismantled; whereas St. Cloud is more novel, of course more glittering and lighter, and with more taste. In addition to which circumstances, Versailles is the worst, and St. Cloud the finest situation in the neighborhood of Paris.

I doubt whether Lucullus, or Crassus, or Caligula, ever sustained such an establishment as the present Chief Consul of France. Fairy tales give the most transparent accounts of enchanted castles, and the scope of the fancy is not confined; but I declare I never read, or conceived, of any thing so striking as this palace. Entering Heaven would probably amaze most men; but I am persuaded, that on this side Elysium, there is nothing which would strike a beholder with such amazement, such delight as the Consul's house.

I determined yesterday to sit down this morning, while the impression upon me was still vivid, and describe its wonders; but I find on reading over my letter, I have given a very inadequate delineation; my senses are absolutely charmed; I have chosen only one or two of the principals, and to them I have not done half justice. In an hour I was led through ten or a dozen rooms, each unlike the other; and yet throughout such a profusion of beauty, such a character of taste and discrimination, such a blaze of splendor reigns, that not a sense remains perfect but the eye, which never cries enough.

Those who have never seen St. Cloud, cannot imagine magnificence; the fitness of the decorations to these places, and to each other, is not the least of their merits; it is not only the savage who had never beheld but the earth and the sky, who would be astonished here; the pampered monarch whose eye had never wandered from the costly and the sumptuous, would be surprised; the man of taste, who delighted only in the proportionate and fit, would be delighted; the man of simplicity who rejected the gaudy, would admire the most unexceptionable neatness, and that such a disposition proved the compatibility of the superb and the simple.

The floors are perfectly plain and unadorned; but further, every thing is embellished; gold or thick gilding, which gives the same appearance, pearl, inlaid marble, satin, silk, tapestry, and painting, cover the whole house; and such arrangement, as would stifle Diogenes's contempt, and force the sternest stickler for nil admirari, to forget his motto.

EPISTOLARY.

[About the year 1770, Dr. GOLDSMITH made a short trip to Paris, in company with a party of Ladies. The humour, says his biographer, displayed in a short billet, hastily written on his landing at Calais, makes us regret that he did not continue the correspondence, during the remainder of this journey, and the whole time of his continuance in France.

This, though nothing but a concise and hurried billet, displays all the elegant ease and sprightliness of its gay author. The playful allusion to the machine to ward off nausea; the history of Dover and Calais imposition; and the anecdote of the cunning barber, will please the admirers of a delightful writer.]

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. GOLDSMITH, TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We had a very quick passage from Dover to Calais, which we peformed in three hours and twenty minutes, all of us extremely sea sick, which must necessarily have happened, as my machine to prevent sea sickness was not completed. We were glad to leave Dover, because we hated to be imposed upon; so were in high spirits at coming to Calais, where we were told that a little money would go a great way. Upon landing two little trunks, which was all we carried with us, we were surpised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps; and in this manner our little baggage was conducted, with a kind of farcical solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility till they come to be paid: every creature that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger, expected six pence; and they had so pretty civil a manner of demanding it, that there was no refusing them. When we had done with the porters, we had next to speak with the custom-house officers, who had their pretty civil way too. We were directed to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where a valet de place came to offer his service; so we gave him a little money, because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance; I bought a new ribbon for my wig at Canterbury, and the barber at Calais broke it, in order to gain six pence by buying me a new one.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Of "the Algerine Captive, or the Life and Adventures of Dr. Updike Underhill, six years a prisoner among the Algerines," the Editors of the London Monthly Magazine, in their retrospect of literature, for June 1802, say—"These volumes contain the history of an American physician; they are very entertaining and comprehend some shrewd remarks on the events of the present day."

The public are greatly indebted to Mr. DALLAS for the labourious and able manner in which he has executed his "Reports of Cases, adjudged in the Courts of Pennsylvania."

Dr. WILLIAM BARNWELL, in his "Physical Investigations," &c. has combined a great variety of matter, medical, surgical, and philosophical. He submits to the public the result of his observations in many parts of the world, chiefly in warm climates, and while he was journeying by land and water. He displays every mark of attention, industry, and fidelity.

The following liberal and well-deserved criticism, upon some recent American publications, is derived from an English Magazine, of a recent date.

JUDGE WASHINGTON'S REPORTS.

These cases appear to be stated with precision and the questions arising from them to have been

accurately comprehended by the reporter. Justice seems to have been done to the arguments on each side, and the opinion of the court is always stated with perspicuity.

Honourable proofs of talents and industry are furnished by Mr. WALLACE in his "Reports of Cases adjudged in the Circuit Court of the United States for the third Circuit." The very full manner in which he has given the arguments of counsel and the opinions of the court afford evidence of his attention and fidelity.

The learned Professor BARTON has presented to the public a second edition of his collections for an essay towards Materia Medica of the United States. This edition is enriched with a variety of matter, chiefly in the form of notes, containing the result of much recent and interesting experience, in the use of a number of active medical plants found in the United States.

Bishop WHITE'S Sermon, delivered before the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, is well adapted to the occasion, for which it was prepared, and affords proof of the mildness of temper, and Christian charity, which adorn his character.

A few weeks after entering on the duties of the episcopal office, Bishop MOORE addressed a pastoral letter to the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the state of New-York, on certain topics which he considered as of high importance to their welfare. His prompt and zealous attention to the duties of his station is worthy of praise and will be received with respect by every serious reader.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Gazettes which reach us from abroad, enable us to collect the opinions entertained by our fellow-citizens in other states, with respect to *the manner* of "managing our own affairs in our own way."

The importance of this great and growing State in the scale of the Union; the rapid increase of its population, and its immense capacity for improvement, conspire to attract the attention and to turn the eyes of our sister states, with peculiar interest upon our local and municipal regulations.

The last session of our state legislature was marked with features of a most singular expression. Between the legislative and executive branches there existed little cordiality, and less co-operation; and a Governor of a weak and pliant temper; such as some designing men, who wish to command without having sufficient interest to obtain elevation, have long desired to see in the chair; would have been hurried through all the wild and mischievous delusions in which both branches so liberally indulged.

So long as the people of Pennsylvania continue to chuse Representatives so obstinately ignorant and so wilfully wicked as they have done for some years past; it is devoutly to be wished that Mr. M'Kean may be placed over them as a guardian. From a man of their own choice, the turbulent and factious democrats of this state may bear to receive lessons of obedience to law. We know full well they are not used to it; but a little goading and spurring has always been found to be surprizingly efficacious, when stoutly applied to the sides of that dull jade *Democracy*.

From the Frederick-town Herald, a paper replete with good sense, and stedfast in the cause of Federalism, we copy the following editorial tribute to the firmness of Governor M'Kean, in opposition to the disorganizing views of legislators, whose portrait is strikingly delineated in two lines of the poet Dryden—

"A head-strong, moody, murmuring race,
"As ever try'd the extent and stretch of grace."

[*From the Frederick-Town Herald.*]

We have on no occasion felt disposed to withhold from our political opponents, any mark of approbation, to which their actions might justly entitle them. Seldom indeed has it been in our power to deck any one of the present ruling party, with the laurel of praise. A sacred regard to truth and to the interest of our country, has generally compelled us to point out to our fellow-citizens the ruinous tendency of Democratic principles exemplified, in the conduct of the leaders of the party. On us has been imposed the unpleasant task, of following democracy through all its mazes of deception, when at every step we take, we see fresh cause to tremble for the fate of this rising republic. From depicting the injustice of persecution, the bitterness of deceit, the baseness of ingratitude, the meanness of purchased slander, the wickedness of irreligion, and the horror of blasphemous patronage and association, which have all sprouted up around the throne of power, we turn with pleasure to admire and applaud the single plant of "republican firmness" which has unexpectedly grown up amid the noxious weeds of Pennsylvania democracy. In the present rage for overturning all the principles, and pulling down all the establishments of our forefathers, the Legislature of Pennsylvania appeared to outstrip all their competitors in the destructive course. Whatever was new, was sure to be pleasing; whatever was tinged with the venerable rust of antiquity, was eagerly destroyed. This innovating fury has been arrested in its pernicious career, by the independence and decision of Gov. M'Kean. With a firmness and courage that do him the highest honour, he has dared to interpose himself between the fury of his party, and the safety of the commonwealth. The reasons on which he gave his negative to the "Naturalization law," we published in our last paper; those which induced him to reject the strange "Judiciary System," our readers will find in the Herald of to-day. When we read these two acts of Gov. M'Kean, we are almost willing to forget the numerous ebullitions of passion and revenge, which have in so many instances tarnished the fame of the Governor, and disgraced his administration of the government. It would seem that even the Governor of Pennsylvania at length sickens at the work of destruction. He has gone with his party, until he can go no further, without absolute and perfect ruin to the state. And we are happy to find that he has virtue and resolution enough to brave the fury of the storm, and to risk his own popularity to save his country from destruction. We are happy to find in his objections some symptoms of a return to those principles of government by which he was once actuated, and which have always been inculcated by the Federalists. The Governor seems not yet to have so far forgotten his law knowledge, as to think, with the members of the Legislature, that the Constitution of Pennsylvania, is paramount to the Constitution of the United States. The sentiments of the Governor, that "*the education, laws, government and manners of the inhabitants of most of the European and other foreign countries from whence emigrations are made to the United States, are so different from ours, that it requires a considerable time to wean them from their prejudices and habits, as well as from the natural regard for their native evil; and to attach them to the constitution, laws and manners of their adopted country,*" is founded in correct politics and proved by woeful experience in his own state; where riot and insurrection have followed each other in constant succession, until the spirit of disorder, and hostility to regular government, seems to have infused itself in all the deliberations of the legislative body. This can only be accounted for, by the cargoes of foreign *patriots* which have of late years been imported into that state, and who having failed in their attempts to destroy the government of their own country, have crossed the Atlantic to teach *us* the science of politics, and gratify their appetite for confusion and disorder. When Governor M'Kean says that, "*ancient establishments and venerable institutions, which have been cherished for ages by the learned and the wise, ought not to be departed from for crude theories, fanciful alterations, new projects, and pleasing visions.*"—we cordially assent to the soundness and truth of the observation, and only regret that he had not sooner made the discovery. But his language will inevitably call down upon him the bitterest resentment of that turbulent clan, whose "*crude theories, and new projects*" have given them a consequence, they could never have hoped to obtain under any "*ancient establishment or venerable institution.*" The opinions of the Governor will no doubt be branded by his former flatterers, as *aristocratic* and *anti-republican*. But his Excellency seems to know upon what kind of animals he rides, and the *patriots* of Pennsylvania may now feel the whip and the spur of power. Amid all his failings, Governor M'Kean has never been supposed to want *nerve*. He never fled to Carter's mountain. And to attempt to bridle the phrenzied madness of his own party, in the legislature, who were rushing headlong to ruin, is a proof of no common firmness of mind and independence of spirit. He has preserved to Pennsylvania, at least for a time, the invaluable right of trial by jury, and the sacred privilege of self-government, which the abovementioned *bills* would have completely annihilated.

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We understand from high authority, that when these powerful states shall be invaded either by the army of the Algerines, the army of France, or the army of England, no less than *three hundred* militia soldiers will be immediately ordered into the field. All foreign aggression will incontinently yield to these valiant troops from the barn-yard, who will have no occasion either for discipline or swords; as a learned writer of the new sect has lately shewn in his system of tactics—that martial array is an emblem of despotic power, and that a pitchfork is the best instrument of defence for *citizen soldiers*.

—

Didot the elder, is still considered as the first and most elegant printer in Paris. He occupies at the Louvre, the same place which was formerly occupied by the royal printing office, and has far more commissions for printing than he can readily execute.

—

We extract the following curious article from the London Monthly Magazine.

Died at Norwich, Mrs. Beaton, a native of Wales. She was commonly called "The Free Mason" from the circumstance of having contrived to conceal herself one evening in the wainscoting of a lodge-room, where she learned *that secret*, the knowledge of which thousands of her sex have, in vain, attempted to arrive at. She was in many respects a very singular character, of which one proof advanced is, that the *secret* of *Free Masonry* died with her.

—

A humorous writer, who spoke from experience, says, that the difficulties of a weekly author, or an author by retail, are great, because they are perpetual. Even should he get through his first audience with success, and be graciously received, the least slip in his subsequent conduct, undoes the whole. He is bound over, as it were

from week to week, to his good behaviour; and a thousand judges, not all of them learned and impartial as those who administer the justice of the country, are to determine, whether or not he has forfeited his recognizances.

—

A clergyman, who had married a very pretty girl, selected with equal taste and gallantry, as a motto for his wedding ring—

"Decies repetita placebit."

—

I have always considered the Pamela of Richardson, as the least interesting of his female characters. Crebillon, with a mixture of truth, satire and levity, says, I find Pamela more vain than virtuous. Her pride is hurt by being attacked like a woman of the town, and she is displeased at her admirer for taking liberties, without ever having made love to her. I shall say as Mr. B———; I would lay any wager, that a Frenchman, who would have sacrificed to Pamela's pride some of the pretty speeches he reserved for a duchess, wrote her some *billet doux*, kissed her hands five or six times, and thrown himself at her feet, would have prevailed in less than a fortnight. She is very silly and awkward after marrige; but I observe she never prays in bed, which is I believe the only piece of furniture in her house that does not afford matter for her pious ejaculations. If this sneering Frenchman is so severe upon poor Pamela, what would he say to the character of Miss Howe, that dragon of discretion, that bully of chastity, who makes such a hubbub in defence of her citadel; though amidst all her vollies we discern much more smoke than fire.

—

Liberty is a fine sounding word; but most of those who use it, mean nothing more by it than a liberty to oppress others--themselves uncontrolled by any superior authority.

—

It is said, and perhaps is in part true, that the late unwarrantable conduct of the Intendant of New-Orleans was not authorized by the Spanish government, but was dictated by his own arbitrary will. This is mentioned by democrats, as if the injury done to the inhabitants of the Western country were a jot the less. It matters not, with respect to the extent of the injury, by whose orders such injustice is perpetrated. If a man is to be hung, it imports but little whether the noose be slipped round his neck by the executioner of Newgate or Tyburn. [*Farmer's Museum.*

—

Dr. Johnson's "Hermit hoar in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray"
is nearly rivalled by the following.

Say, pensive stranger, wherefore discontent
Spreads her black pinions o'er thy clouded soul;
Why on the ground are all thy glances bent,
Why does stern grief thy mournful breast control?
Say, dost thou groan beneath oppression's hand?
Hast thou of poverty's sad potion drank?
Or hast thou fled for crimes thy native land?
"Oh no!—*but d——n it, sir, I've drawn a blank!*

—

The Countess of Mansfield, emancipating herself from fashionable fetters, and displaying her preference to the fine arts, has lately finished several exquisite productions from the antique, in a very superior style.

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Among the class of discoveries which may be considered as an improvement in the useful arts, and which may tend materially to assist the commerce of Great-Britain in its staple manufacture, as well as to preserve the health of its inhabitants, the improved method of Messrs. Dyke and Co. 43, Aldermanbury, London, for making woollen and other cloths water proof, deserves especial notice. It differs from other similar inventions, in not imparting greasy qualities, and in not causing any alteration in the appearance or texture of the cloth.

—

There are some women to whom external show is absolutely necessary: they are like those meats which require to be *dressed* in a particular manner to provoke the appetite.

—

It has been brilliantly said that favors are in love what standards are in war. A gallant man likes to carry them off, not because they are so valuable in themselves, but because they are signs of *victory*.

—

Reviews, which are now so numerous, owe their origin to two Frenchmen. Mr. *Sallo*, a counsellor of the parliament of Paris, and the Abbe *Gallois*, afterwards the friend and literary director of the great Colbert. These gentlemen commenced the publication of the *Journal* des *Savans* at Paris, in the year 1665. Sallo quickly relinquished his share in the undertaking. It was then continued by Gallois alone, till his engagements with Colbert, and the academy of sciences obliged him also to leave its continuation to others. The *Actæ Eruditorum* of Leipsic, the literary journals published by Bayle and Le Clerc in Holland, those which began soon after the accession of the House of Hanover to be attempted in England, were all, in their design, imitations of the *Journal* des *Savans*.

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In January last, Kotzebue established a newspaper at Berlin. In his prospectus he states, that his object is to entertain the *cultivated orders of society* with news relating to the arts, sciences, fashions, &c. If, the critics add, as may be expected from the editor, it should continue to be animated with the same spirit that pervades the first six numbers, it will prove a valuable acquisition to the reading public.

—

DEMOCRATIC PATRONAGE.

A printer of a village gazette presented a bill to a delinquent subscriber, for the amount of eight year's subscription, and finding the payment evaded, commenced a suit against his patron, who being served with a summons, exclaimed—"The d——d rascal—sue me: me who subscribed to his paper eight years ago, on purpose to *encourage* him, tho' I didn't like his paper. I'll be revenged on the rascal; I'll not take his paper any longer."

—

Two gentlemen of Jesus College, Cambridge, have lately returned from the Grecian Archipelago, with a large collection of Greek manuscripts and other literary curiosities of extraordinary worth. These gentlemen departed from England with the express purpose of making researches after early manuscripts. They visited, in particular, the island of Patmos, where they were very fortunate in obtaining several from the Convent of St. John. Their travels have been very extensive and successful. They have been through Norway, Lapland, Sweden, Russia, across the Black Sea to Constantinople, and thence to Greece. They came home enriched with great treasures of fossils, medals, manuscripts, &c. The more immediate subjects of attention are two Greek manuscripts, the one of Plato, most beautiful and well preserved. Its age is 906 years. It contains all his works, except his books De Legibus de Republica and a few single dialogues. It is one of the finest manuscripts extant, of the same antiquity. The other book is a most beautiful manuscript of the gospels. Among the statues is the Eleusinian Ceres, brought from Eleusis.

An important improvement has taken place, at the British Museum, which does great credit to the Trustees of that noble establishment. The *reading-room* is now one of the largest in the whole building. It is newly and elegantly arranged. It contains five tables for the accommodation of students. The following is the printed notice, which has been generally circulated—"The reading-room is open from *ten till four.*" How lamentable it is, that when perchance, or peradventure, we can get together a few books, in America, that no reading man can have an opportunity of perusing them from *ten till four.*

—

A preacher having laid a wager that he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit, took these words for his text. "*It is for you, woman, that I die.*"

—

A city ostler lately received a violent kick in the stomach from one of his master's horses—after recovering from the shock, he observed that he expected to be kicked, as the horse probably owed him a grudge, ever since he advised his master to sell him.

—

A traveller having been received by Voltaire at the Castle of Ferney, in the most distinguished and pleasing manner, declared, the day after his arrival, that his intention was to stay six weeks in a place, where he had already enjoyed so many luxuries. Voltaire answered him, laughing—"It seems, sir, that you will not resemble Don Quixote. He took inns for castles, but you seem to take castles for inns.

—

A widow, who had ten thousand pounds, was courted by a man who possessed half that sum. "Take my advice," said he, "let us marry, you will then have fifteen thousand pounds to your fortune"—"No, replied the widow—*you would have them.*

—

Among the jacobins the only qualification for a political writer is a hardy and intrepid manner of asserting what is not, and of denying what is. They have so little wit, that he who laughs with them, must laugh without a jest. Employing wit against them appears to be no less ungenerous than unnecessary. One would be as reluctant to draw that weapon against Cheetham and Duane, as to draw a sword against a naked man.

—

It is said that there are many dull rogues leagued together to support the Aurora, and that it is maintained by a *mob* in more senses than one. It is a sort of Briareus, with an hundred hands, but not one head. As there is neither order nor discipline nor honour among them, they might be easily defeated as any other rabble, if the Federal *troops* ever thought proper to attack.

—

A humourous writer exclaims, with what warm and pleasing descriptions of love are our best tragedies filled. It is commonly what the whole turns upon, and is represented as the only comfort, pleasure, or joy of life. It is described as

"The cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down."

And can one wonder then that a lady, who does not find this incomparable drop at home, should seek for it elsewhere.

—

Mr. Dibdin late of St. John's college, Oxford, has just completed a bibliographical work in crown 8vo, embracing the most rare and valuable editions of the Greek and Roman classics; being, in part, a tabulated arrangement from Dr. Harwood's view, &c. on a new plan.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO CHLOE.

In vain, dear girl, in vain I fly,
  Resolved to shun both thee and love;
The matchless magic of thine eye,
  Pursues me wheresoe'er I rove.

When mingling with the laughing crew,
  From thee each glass its sweets receives;
Its sparkling brim, my raptur'd view
  With thy ideal smiles deceives.

Or where the crowd of beauty blaze,
  Where pleasure prompts the wishful sigh,
And gives to the enamoured gaze,
  The panting breast, the wanton eye;

Where Love, his soft delights around,
  With ever-sportive Fancy, throws,
Can one that boasts thy charms be found?
  Or one like me, with love that glows?

Can Delia's form with thine compare,
  Where Virtue's self appears enshrin'd;
Can Mira boast a face so fair?
  Or who, say, who has got thy mind?

O Chloe! who thy beauty sees,
  From love, in vain shall strive to flee;
For where can he e'er seek for ease,
  Who finds all charms combin'd in *thee?*

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MARY.

How sweet that season of the year,
  When flower-buds, revealing
Their opening beauties, scent the air,
  No fragrant charm concealing!

How sweet at eventide to stray,
  While rustic mirth amuses,
Where zephyr o'er the new mown hay
  His balmy breath diffuses!

And sweet, O sweet it is, to hear
  The amorous turtle cooing,
While, with alternate hope and fear,
  His feather'd love pursuing.

The mock-bird, with his matin call,
  Sweet hails the morning early;
And plough-boys blythe, at even fall,
  So happy, pipe it rarely!

But sweeter than the sweets of May,
  More charming than its flowers,
Or zephyr's breath o'er new mown hay,
  When wak'd by sunny showers;

O, softer than the turtle's down,
  Than mock-bird's song more cheery,
Or plough-boy's pipe, when day is flown,
  Is bonny—bonny Mary!

—

A SONG,

BY DR. HOADLEY.

When Chloe try'd her virgin fires,
  And first her shafts let fly;
She fill'd my breast with vague desires—
  I thought it was her eye.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
  Which gods might wish to sip;
When all was harmony and truth—
  I thought it was her lip.

But when she danc'd! such air, such grace,
  What mortal could escape?
I look'd no longer on her face;
  I swore it was her shape,
When, seen by chance, her breast bespoke
  The purity within;
Her snowy arm, her ivory neck—
  'Twas then her lovely skin.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
  My bosom did enthral;
'Twas *sense* I found, the happy grace,
  That gave a charm to all.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO HOPE.

Angel of light why hast thou fled,
Why hast thou ceas'd thy balm to shed,
  To soothe my wounded heart?
Must sad reality present,
No picture but of discontent,
  Keen anguish to impart?

  How lately Joy's extatic beam,
  Play'd round my heart with transient gleam,
  But now the sad reverse I see,
  Matilda smiles, but not on me.

How oft by visionary schemes,
By airy phantoms, golden dreams,
  Is fickle youth misled?
When Pleasure, wings the laughing hour,
How oft the clouds of sorrow lour,
  Round his devoted head.

  Thus lately throbbing, transport filled
  My heart, by cold suspicion chill'd;
  I mourn stern Fate's severe decree,
  Matilda smiles, but not on me.

As down the stream of life we sail,
And spread all canvass to the gale,
  The mermaid pleasure sings,
To lure us to her fatal shore—
While time unheeded passing o'er,
  Brings anguish on his wings.

  But now Misfortune's stern controul,
  Bids Disappointment chill my soul;
  A tear I claim, 'tis Pity's fee,
  For ah! Matilda frowns on me.

Some pay their vows to wealth or power,
To gild their little short lived hour,
  With borrowed light to shine—
With slavish toil to earn the prize,
That glitters in their dazzled eyes,
  And bursts the golden mine.

  But disappointments all await,
  Such is the stern decree of Fate;
  No more sweet Hope I bow to the,
  For ah! Matilda frowns on me.

LORENZO.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In that rare and pleasant book, "the Paradise of Dainty Devices," whose wit, like wine, is not the worse for being old, the following stanzas are dedicated to the praise of that genial season, when

——— daises pied and violets blue
Do paint the meadows with delight.]

When May is in his prime,
  Then may each heart rejoice:
When May bedecks each tree with green,
  Each bird strains forth his voice.

The lively sap creeps up
  Into the blooming thorn;
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
  Now laugh the frost to scorn.

All Nature's sons triumph,
  While joyful May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the year
  The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue,
  May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb,
  May makes the merry mood.

May pricketh tender hearts,
  Their warbling notes to tune,
Full strange it is, yet some, we see
  Do make their May in June.

These things are strangely wrought,
  Whilst joyful May doth last,
Take May in time, when May is gone,
  The pleasant time is past.

All ye, that live on earth,
  And have your May at will;
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
  And use your May with skill.

Use May, while that you may,
  For May hath but his time,
When all the fruit is gone, it is
  Too late the tree to climb.

Your liking and your lust
  Is fresh, while May doth last;
When May is gone, of all the year
  The pleasant time is past.

—

[In a "musty and worm-eaten" book of the fifteenth century, called "Breton's *Bower of Delight*," we read of the birth and nurture of Desire. The Poet, with wonderful felicity proposes a query in one line, which both poetically and concisely he answers in the next. This little poem is a striking proof of the purity, strength and grace of the English tongue, so early as the very commencement of the reign of Elizabeth. It will be read and admired, both by the lovers of women, and the lovers of literature. Let others find their gratification, or bane, in the gaudy, or poisoned novelties, with which atheists and jacobins cheat, and destroy mankind; for ourselves, we love, in the memorable phrase of Milton, to fall backward sometimes to the *rereward* of our learning, to contemplate, with veneration, the good sense and strong expression of our ancestors; to draw pure phrases from the *old "wells of English undefiled"* and leave bombastic liberty, and written constitutions, and *lengthy* nonsense to drawl out their miserable existence, like reptiles, disturbing even solitude, and polluting the face of Nature.]

When wert thou born, Desire?
  In pomp and pride of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
  By good conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse?
  Fresh youth in sugar'd joy.
What wast thy meat and daily food?
  Sore sighs and great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink?
  Unfeigned lover's tears.
What cradle were you rocked in?
  In hope, devoid of fears.

What brought you then asleep?
  Sweet speech, that lik'd men best.
And where is now your dwelling place?
  In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth company displease?
  It doth in many a one.
Where would Desire then chuse to be?
  He likes to muse alone.

What feedeth most your sight?
  To gaze on favour still.
Who find you most to be your foe?
  Disdain of my good-will.

Will ever age or death
  Bring you unto decay?
No, no; Desire both lives and dies,
  Ten thousand times a day.

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